

THE
WHORE:
A POEM.

[Price One Shilling.]



A P O E M

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W H O R E:

A P O E M.

Written by a WHORE of QUALITY.

"OF ALL THE CRIMES CONDEMN'D IN WOMAN-KIND,

"WHORE, IN THE CATALOGUE, THE FIRST YOU'LL FIND."

This truly Saphic Production is confessedly written by a Priestess of the CYPRIAN DEITY, and by her recommended to those sincere Worshipers, the Ladies L—r, G—r, W—y, Mrs. N—n, Mrs. R—n, A—d, BIRD OF PARADISE, &c. who sacrifice LARGELY to the LOOSE ROB'D GODDESS OF DELIGHT, and TENDER DALLIANCE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR; and sold at the Pamphlet-Shop opposite ANDERTON'S Coffee-House, FLEET-STREET, and at all other Pamphlet-Shops.

THE

W H O R E

A P O E M



Written by a Whore of Quality

"Of all the crimes committed in Woman-kind
"Whore is the Catalogue, the first you find."

This truly Satiric Production is respectfully dedicated by a Whore of Quality
to the Ladies L—, G—, W—, M—, N—, and all other Whores of Quality.
A—, Bird of Paradise, &c. who receive Letters to the
loose and Godless of Debauchery, and Trenchard's Alliance.

L O N D O N

Printed for the Author; and sold at the Pamphlet-Shop opposite the Theatre Royal, in Pall Mall, and at all other Pamphlet-Shops.



T H E
W H O R E:
A P O E M.

* H A N K S to the age, the satyrizing Muse
T Has themes sufficient---where she will to chuse;
 * Whither among the vulgar scenes of strife,
 Or those renown'd for VICE in higher life.
 Lord, Duke, or Dukes, might the theme enhance,
 And shew the worst of crimes---without romance.
St. James's, or St. Giles's, will supply
 Enough of subjects---in Iniquity.

WHORE is my theme, ye sisters all attend,
 Give your applause, and be a sister's friend;
 If this ye do, and cast a fav'ring eye,
 Those SONS OF WHORES, the Critics, I defy.

OF all the crimes condemn'd in women-kind,
 WHORE, in the catalogue, the first you'll find;
 This vulgar term is in the mouth of all
 An epithet, on every female's fall.
 And what's a Whore? Go ask the nations round;
 Is it an empty name, and nought but sound?
 Is it, above all other sins, the worst?
 By man despised, and by GOD accurs'd?
 If that's the case, and scripture we believe,
 What was the crime alledg'd to grandam EVE?
 What was the fruit the Tree of Knowledge shew'd,
 And made her break her promise to her GOD?
 What in the serpent could o'er her prevail;
 Was the great EVIL in his head or TAIL?
 The Devil himself must clear up the dispute,
 Who knew the virtue of the fatal fruit.

BUT

BUT what's a WHORE in life?---pray let us find,
If possible we can, among mankind.

A woman, who the worst of thoughts debase,
All void of shame, of decency, and grace;
One who for hire her person will dispose,
And take, for need, each passer-by that goes.

Is, then, necessity the only plea?
Ye sisters in high life, come tell to me;
High fed, high bred, high marry'd too, indeed,
Do you not sometimes *whore* to mend the breed?
Necessity, with you, can have no claim;
Wants you have none---unless you know *that same*;
Your spouse; perhaps, lies snoring all the night,
While you are wishing for the soft delight.
Is impotence the case?---he OLD, you YOUNG,
Weak in his back, while you are stout and strong;
If he can't eat, pray why should you be starv'd?
The *craving Womb of Nature* must be serv'd.

THIS NEWTON knew, and like a cunning elf,
As spousy could not carve---she help'd herself.

BUT

BUT GROSVENOR, what could be the case with you?

‘ Good lack ! my lord was to my bed untrue ;

‘ Where’er he went he sought some lew’d embrace,

‘ Neglected me for ev’ry newer face ;

‘ In silence long I mourn’d my hapless fate,

‘ At length determin’d to retaliate.

‘ Yet to no mean amour did I descend ;

‘ A Prince my lover, and a Prince my friend.

‘ Who would not wish for such a lot as mine ?

‘ Who would not be a *royal concubine* ?

‘ Envy’d by ev’ry lady I could see,

‘ Who, if not WHORES, would fain be so---like me.’

And yet, mistaken GROSVENOR, you find

His royal vows and oaths were all but wind ;

He’s satisfied himself, and comes no more,

While for your comfort---you’ve the name of WHORE.

POOR LIGONIER was, too, condemn’d by fate

To find at last an insufficient mate ;

One who could not her eager joys pursue,

And *pleasures standard* raise unto the view ;

Therefore

Therefore the staff she took into her hand,
And had a reg'ment at her own command.

WORSLEY, of late, has prov'd strong Nature's bent,
And try'd with many---for her own content;
Her willing cuckold she has nicely bam'd,
Who, for his vile compliance, should be d---d.

The meanest scoundrel, sure, in human life,
Is he who to another lets his wife;
Or basely does at lustful acts connive,
That he may *tipper's* to his *horns* contrive;
Plead ign'rance, tho' he knows it all the while,
That his *wife's friend*, of gold, he may beguile.

BUT say you, 'Spouses thus might be in fault;
Consider what good lessons you'd been taught;
From earliest youth what tutors you have had,
That you might rise the joy of MAM and DAD;
VIRTUE and PRUDENCE, names of mighty force,
You work'd upon your samplers of course;
No fights unseemly ever struck your eyes,
But all was done to make you good and wife.

'Twas, sure, the *force of Nature!* that was all,
Which thus could make your dignities to fall.
Had you been brought up in some foreign land,
Where sacred monast'ries around expand,
Such *slipp'ry tricks* you surely ne'er had done,
Each in her mind, no doubt, had been a Nun.

OF that I doubt, from stories I have heard,
And one I've ready for you now prepar'd.

A TENDER Virgin, by her *Parents* will,
(And virgins must their parents hopes fulfil)
Was to a cloyster in her bloom consign'd,
(Tho' she had no such wishes in her mind)
To fast and pray, instead of patch and paint,
And to be---God knows how, a very faint;
Join her soft voice unto the organ's note,
And all her thoughts to Heav'n alone must float;
The shadowy veil must hide her lovely face,
Where joy sat smiling with each charming grace;
Knees bent, eyes lifted, hands in order join'd,
Must shew her purest sanctity of mind.

Yet all this discipline was ill bestow'd,
 Her youthful mind still thought of flesh and blood;
 And, to conceal it, still she strove in vain;
 She often in her cell would loud complain
 How hard the lot insisted to obey,
 And wish'd some man would steal her soon away;
 More than her beads she then would him adore,
 And be contented with the name of WHORE.

THE Abbess heard her as she pass'd by chance,
 And fancy'd she had got some vile romance;
 Knock'd at the cell, and found her daughter there,
 With not a book---unless a book of pray'r;
 She wonder'd much, and told the virgin so,
 Who did not hide the truth, but let her know.
 Amaz'd the matron lifted up her eyes,
 And shew'd her horror by her vast surprize.

' O! shame to all that's pious and that's good,
 ' What wild-fire's this which rages in your blood;
 ' 'Tis, sure, dictated by some imp of Hell!
 ' You must be mad!---Pray tell me, Are you well?

' Your

‘ Your understanding must be gone astray ;
 ‘ I’ll call the Doctor to you.---Well-a-day !

THE Nun persisted that her mind was right,
 That she was in her perfect senses quite ;
 And NATURE, in her wishes, still prevail’d,
 Love fill’d her thoughts---and that was all that ail’d.

AGAIN the pious Abbess strove, in vain,
 Her wicked wants and wishes to explain ;
 Bid her take pattern by her sister PRUE,
 Who was to holy exercises true ;
 Who ne’er at morn. or evening pray’r, was found
 To cast one carnal eye or thought around ?
 But ev’ry sense was calm, each wish was even,
 And all her joy, and all her hope in Heav’n.

THE tender maiden look’d again and sigh’d,
 And to her mental mother thus reply’d :---

‘ PRUE, that you mention, as I’ve heard her say,
 ‘ Was, in her younger days, entic’d away ;

‘ The

- ‘ The strong temptation she could not withstand,
- ‘ But yielded up at *Nature*’s high command.
- ‘ Long with a youth in *dalliance* pass’d her life,
- ‘ Had all the joys of love---tho’ not a wife;
- ‘ And when he left her for a real bride,
- ‘ She did another for herself provide;
- ‘ Another after that, when that was gone,
- ‘ And so, for many years, in joy went on;
- ‘ ‘Till tir’d of *sporting* in the am’rous way,
- ‘ She turn’d a *Nun*, at last, to fast and pray.
- ‘ By her example let me then proceed;
- ‘ On joy and pleasure let my wishes feed;
- ‘ And when that I’ve been cloy’d with love like her,
- ‘ Pray’rs, and a Nunnery, I may prefer.’

WAS not the Virgin, tell me sisters pure,
Within her mind a HARLOT?---Certain sure.

SUCH, in our boarding-schools, we often find,
Where, to improve their morals, they’re design’d :
Yet Lewdness, there, is found among the train,
And Virtue faintly does her rights maintain;

The Dancing-Master, and the Friseur too,
The *pleasing sports of VENUS* bring to view ;
Big bellies and *elopements* will take place,
And WHORES alike be found in ev'ry place.

BUT why, by me can never be devis'd,
A WHORE should be so horridly despis'd ;
Why, when by all, throughout the world, they're us'd !
Why they should be so cruelly abus'd.

THE pulpit-thumper rails against a WHORE,
And damns the PROSTITUTE !---What can he more ?
Justice pursues her to the very cart,
Where, for her folly, she is doom'd to smart.
Whips, Goals, Diseases ! all the WHORE affair,
And yet, I fancy, WHORES will never fail.

WHAT is the reason WHORES are so in vogue ?
Why, faith, to gain a true one, ask each ROGUE.

THE very PRIEST, who dares so much decry,
And holds his doctrine up so very high,

Will,

Will, from the pulpit, cast a side-long glance,
 To damn the tenets which he dares advance ;
 And e'er, perhaps, he goes to evening pray'r,
 Will take a bottle with some willing fair ;
 Will to her breasts his faint-like hands apply,
 And gaze upon her with lascivious eye,
 In pleasure's pulpit then will mount, and preach
 A forceful doctrine, which he dares not teach ;
 Then, sanctify'd, will to his flock amain,
 Hem, stroke his band---and rail at WHORES again.

THE JUSTICE too, who puts the laws in force,
 Must seem a tyrant over us, of course ;
 Produce each hum-drum act, from bad to worse,
 Made by old fumlbers, for the HARLOT's curse.
Bridewell's the sentence, then, to all who're poor,
 But, *gold well tipp'd*, will save the *flashy* WHORE ;
 And the good magistrate some clause will find
 To soften evidence unto his mind ;
 Perhaps at night, considering the case,
 Indulge his feelings in a close embrace ;

Will,

Will, at the tavern, circulate his glass,
And take, with glee, his bottle and his las.

Go to the *Commons**, to the *Arches* go,
Where, for divorces, people sue, we know.
The Judges and the Proctors, so devout,
Would, with the culprit, wish to have a bout.
Adultery, tho' call'd a crying sin,
Without they're paid, would not be worth a pin:
They'll sell you licences to get a bride,
And, on complaint, divorces have beside.
O happy land! where such good laws remain,
That you may wed, and be unwed again;
That sacred knot, recorded so on high!
Those who have money may with ease untie;
Yet there's no sifter ever this deploras,
Because it adds so to the list of **WHORES**.

Ask at that place where **Lords and Commons** sit,
To shew at once their eloquence and wit,

* DOCTOR'S COMMONS.

Who

Who rule the nation, and its laws provide,
 Lift high our fame, the legislation guide ;
 From the Right Rev'rend, in the prelate's place,
 The noble Count, or more exalted Grace :
 Or of the members on the lower side,
 Whose consequence by none can be deny'd ;
 Ask F---x and S----DW----H ; aye, and many more,
 If they, at times, have each not had a WHORE ?

THE question's foolish, ev'ry one must guess
 They all are guilty--either more or less !
 Were they but stigmatiz'd, as women are,
 Condemn'd a load of infamy to bear,
 Their Honours, and Right Honourables too,
 Would fear to bring their faces forth to view.
 Why then should we be thus condemn'd alone,
 When they are guilty, equal, ev'ry one ;
 Were there no men, no WHORES there sure could be,
 They strive to make us so, in each degree.

HAVE we a face that's exquisitely fair,
 They spread their nets, that beauty to ensnare ;

Is modesty and innocence our guide,
 To try to ruin it is all their pride ;
 If we are humble, they our hopes will raise,
 Strive to undo us still, a thousand ways ;
 Gold, flattery, and treach'ry, they employ,
 The object which delights them to destroy ;
 Then cast aside, neglected or forgot,
 We're doom'd to pine, to languish, and to rot :
 Or if, when such delusive arts are o'er,
 We go to others---each is then a WHORE !

YE Rogues of Fortune, and ye Rogues of Pow'r,
 Who ruin females in the guardless hour ;
 Who may be SONS of WHORES, for what you know,
 Attend to what my artless pen can shew.

NOT far from Town, and in a rural place,
 Where Nature shone with ev'ry pleasing grace ;
 Where rising hills gave rapture to the sight,
 With flocks, whose fleeces were all snowy white ;
 Beneath, where lawns extended wide around,
 And silver murm'ring rivulets were found ;

There

There in a humble, tho' not mean, estate,
 I drew my being, as ordain'd by fate.
 My parents, tho' not born to wealth and pride,
 The markets still with various things supply'd;
 Industrious both, they happ'ly found the gains
 Were equal to their wishes and their pains.
 I was their only child, and form'd to blefs,
 I always added to their happiness;
 They saw my person ev'ry one engage,
 Beheld my sence increas'ing with my age;
 Each Sunday to my dress they'd something add,
 For pleasing me was making of them glad;
 A diff'rent ribband bound my flowing hair,
 Wav'd in my hat, and flutter'd in the air;
 Thus simply pleas'd, and innocent likewise,
 I caught, at last, LoTHARIO's wanton eyes.

ABOUT fifteen, my face had Nature's bloom,
 My lips enticing, and my breath perfume!
 My eyes, like flos, were glossy, black, and bright!
 My shape was slender, and my steps were light!

He

HE saw me tripping o'er the dewy lawn,
 Brisk as the lambkins, or the bounding fawn;
 He hail'd my beauties in so soft a speech,
 Which fure a heart less kind than mine might reach;
 I blush'd, he follow'd, met me ev'ry day,
 'Till I became, at last, his destin'd prey.
 Yet, oh! what vows, what oaths, did he prepare,
 Before I fell into his baneful snare;
 He call'd me wife, swore I should be his bride,
 With protestations, very high beside;
 Beg'd to my parents I would nothing tell,
 If that I wish'd his love and person well.

HIS friends were pow'rful, and I soon comply'd,
 For what he ask'd, then could not be deny'd;
 I thought that time would reconcile my fate,
 And lift me far above my present state;
 Such fatal folly I must still deplore,
 No wife am I, but a **NEGLECTED WHORE!**

FRUITION soon my lover's passion cool'd,
 His absence let me know how I was fool'd;

My

My heaving womb a diff'rent weight confest,
 My parents saw it, and were much distrest :
 I told the cause ;---they turn'd me out of door,
 And made we wander forth a wretched WHORE !

To faithless him my ruin I must lay,
 He first seduc'd and did my heart betray :---
 High in a diff'rent sphere he took a wife ;
 O ! may she be to him eternal strife ;
 May she to lustful passion give her heart !
 That ev'ry fool, with him, may have a part ;
 Tho' higher born, no diff'rence I can see
 She should not be a WHORE---as well as me.
 That WHORES are many, certainly you'll find,
 Is owing to the baseness of mankind ;
 Tho' inclination oft' our passions sway,
 'Tis man, vile man ! first teaches us the way.

By him we first are taught each vicious art,
 Each crime which can corrupt and spoil the heart.

Is any female fond of dress, or play,
 (And where is one that is not?---you will say)
 Her fav'rite passion he will strive to please,
 And work into her folly by degrees;
 Like vermin in a building, undermine,
 'Till the whole pile falls down---his whole design;
 Then leaves the ruin he himself has made,
 Without one spark of gratitude display'd.

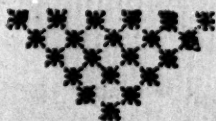
No pitying eye beholds the hapless fair,
 She's left to Death, Diseases, and Despair!
 Nature cries out, and hunger must be fed,
 She now must turn a prostitute for bread;
 Her name is blasted, friendless left, and poor,
 Tell me what can she do?---why be a **WHORE**.
 Lew'd scenes, and lew'd discourse, comes next in play;
 Deeds dark as night, asham'd to meet the day!
 Thus they proceed along, from bad to worse,
 Launch the broad oath! repeat the dreadful curse!

Till,

'Till, on a laystall, she resigns her breath,
By all unpityed, to the arms of death!

YET ev'ry one of feeling must deplore,
That man, vile man, first made the wretch a WHORE!

F I N I S.



[1]

"Till, on a layman, the regions had been,
By all unquied, to the arms of death!

Yet every one of facing must deplore
That man, vile man, first 66 AP 5 WHORE!

F I N I S

